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THE

Italian Taylor,

and his Boy.

By

ROBERT ARMIN, Seruant to

the Kings moſt excellent Maieſtie.

Res est ſolliciti plena timoris amor.

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TO THE TRVE NOBLE AND RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD VICOVNT HADDINTON:

And,

The Noble by birth, and vertuous by education, his ſecond ſelfe, the Lady ELIZABETH FITSWATER, his Vicounteſſe and Wife:

ROBERT ARMIN Wiſheth content in this life, and ioy in the life to come.

RIght Honourable, a late Lord of *England*, being preſented with a Poeme of ſome young Writer: ſeeing his boldneſſe, and hauing graueld him in queſtion, found that his Will was worthier then the Worke, yet contrarie aunſwerd his amated feare, thus: Fooles makes Bookes for Wiſe men to laugh at. I haue knowne ſome, that haue loued the Writer for the Worke, how euer weake; the Will pleaded ſo powerfull; and the partie preſenting it, had (at the leaſt) thankes for his labour. I read that a poore man meeting *Artaxerxes*, hauing nothing to giue

him as a guift gratulatorie, did preſent him with a handfull of Water: the right true bred King, ſeeing his loue, cauſed the Water to be put into a Cup of Gold, and returnes it the partie, with kingly thankes, and loue. There is (right Noble) as much difference in the rewardes, as in the birthes: the firſt, Noble and vnkind: the laſt, maieſticall, and well inclinde.

I ſpeake not this (right Honourable) to gloze, or rather waft a farre off a neere-come bountie, but to ſhew the pith of the one, & the power of the other. To your Honour I plead neither, becauſe I feare not the firſt, nor wiſh I the laſt: onely your ſpirit of loue towards me, which I am perſwaded I am poſſeſt off; I do deſire it in continuance: yet if you doe returne the firſt, it may be fitting; for the Poeme procures it, and I wiſh it ſo; that I (being as your Honour knows) make this Booke for your Wiſedome to laugh at; and I wiſh it the very tickling of delight: how euer it is, a well compounded iest, and your Italians are in this (as in all) neate: If my weake tranſlation darken it, I beſeech the ſunſhine of your Honour to inlighten it, that it may out-value worth it ſelfe in your eſtimation, being (as you are) the bleſſed hand for *Brittaine*, ordained in your cradle, (vnder God) to preſerue the life of our royall King IAMES, then in danger of the diueliſh minded *Gowery*.

Likewiſe

Likewiſe moſt affable Lady, kinde and debonere, the ſecond of the firſt which I ſawcily ſalute, pardon I pray you the boldnes of a Begger, who hath been writ downe for an Aſſe in his time, & pleades vnder *forma pauperis* in it ſtill, not-withſtanding his Conſtableſhip and Offiee: I doe intreat your Ladiſhip, (being of a Noble ſtraine) gratiouſly to regard this poore Petite of transformation: laugh at them (if you can) hartily, and I haue my wiſh: if not returne them wittie; for ſo much the *Italian* Poet merits at the leaſt: for mee, I but light a Taper at his Torch, & I wiſh the flame may neither putrifie the ſenſe, nor infect the imagination. There are rough Stones heawed out from the Quary; and the lines leueld by which they are ſquarde: If they appeare crooked to ſtraight iudgment, I beſeech you, call to queſtion my Weaknes; and my Will, will anſwere in my behalf.

There is ſhrowded (Madame) vnder the gliſter of your Starre, a Poeticall light, which ſhines not in the world as it is wiſht, but yet the worth of it luſter is knowne: he hath remayned in *Suſſex* many yeares; and I beſeech God, and your noble Father (the Earle) he may liue and die beloued ſo ſtill. It is, (if I ſpeake darkely) that pen-pleading Poet (graue for yeares and knowledge) Maiſter *Mathew Roiden* I doe ſtand to his

 cenſure,

cenſure, to ſecond yours both; and I doubt not but he will plead for my weaknes in this worke, knowing that, *Non cuiuis homini contingit adire Corinthum?* And ſo wiſhing as much ioy to your right well affected Vicount and you, from the King of heauen, as I know you are poſſeſt off from the King of earth: I leaue your Honours both, to him that is, and ever ſhalbe yours, and our redeemer.

Your Honours in all humblenes

ROBERT ARMIN.

Ad lectorem hic et vbiq;.

S P D.

INuisible Reader, I present thee with a Poeme *from the* Italians; *bid it welcome for the Countries sake, for I assure thee, the excellencie of that nation in Poesie, is beyond my Pen to publish: but be it as it is worthy, onely I wander with it now in a strange time of taxation, wherein euery Pen & inck-horne Boy will throw vp his Cap at the hornes of the Moone in censure, although his wit hang there, not returning vnlesse monthly in the wane: such is our ticklish age, & the itching braine of aboūdance, But I speake to thee more mildly: I haue to thy pleasure, & my no great profite, written this Pamphlet, onely my aduenture in presuming into the hands of so Noble a Patron, I feare (in part) wil offend; but my good will considered, will plead my excuse. I put into thy view a conceit to nod at, as who should say; Is it so? is it so, & no better? will this meere foole, little learning, be so bould? why the wisest can doe no more? Well, to answere for the follie, I say Boltes are shot of the vnskilfull, as well as the archer; and they now and then hit. Not long since I discouered a nest of* Ninnies *in this great wombe the Worlde and some of the old brood before,*

ſcornd at this new birth: it was but to ſhew their antiquitie, and who was the neateſt Ninnie *of all the neſt; one forſooth would kill the Author; and why? becauſe of the Dedication. Why did not a Crow ſpeake (aue) to Caeſar? May not a Foole cry (bo) to a Gooſe, or the contrarie? Will not a Iade wring i'th withers, being hardly ſadled? Goe too then, it is lawfull to plead pouertie with the Penne, and pittie to 'th Purſe. I ſay no more, but commit thee to this; in which thou ſhalt laugh, if thou wilt: if not, chooſe. For my part, I doe not as ſome doe, rayle againſt Law, taxe the Cittie, and cenſure Players, when they them-ſelues are inſenſible, but finde mee better buſied; onely I ſay this: when the* Taylor *wants bumbaſt, he will make Ragges ſtuffe out: and ſo with him that lines his Leaues with rayling rethoricke; which no doubt, will one day be anſweard and anatomiſde: i'th meane time, bid this welcome for his ſake to whom it is dedicated: which we may all reioyce in, if his happie hand be duly conſidered.*

Fare-well.

THE

Prologue to the Storie.

OVID and *Virgill* for the Pen,
And *Homer* for his Verſe:
Plautus, *Horace*; worthy men,
Left lines for Schooles to perſe:
Since then, *Italia* in her pride,
Puft, ſome of memorie,
Who haue deſerud the Wreath beſide,
Of fames eternitie.
But giue me leaue to reckon why
They did ſet downe their ſkill
In Embleme Stories, faignedly,
And yet not blabs of ill:
But to inſiſt on meaner toyes
Wherein they might be bold
Leauing to truce our better ioyes
In Scripture lines inrold,
For Schollerisme and Schoole defence,
To practiſe younger wits,
That they preſumd in, to diſpence
On things that better fits:

Now not to niggard it at all,
But ioyne as partner yit
With ſuch as do our Poet call,
Mecænas for his wit;
I thus diſtribute to all eyes,
What I of late haue red:
Though faigned, yet they are no lyes,
But fancies better bred:
And yet the ſubiect of diſcent,
As many Worthies bee:
Begun of nothing, till content
Breed to maturitie.
The *Italian* Poet in diſcourſe,
Sets downe a homely toy,
In ſingular donne, proſe not verſe,
A *Taylor* and his Boy:
Who in contention, ſhewde the earth,
What Art exceeded in:
For nothing but an howers mirth,
And thus doth he begin.

Argument

The Italian Taylor and his Boy,
Contend in trans-formation.
To ouer-cloud each others ioy,
In art and occupation.
The childiſh breed doth build on Pines,
While loftie Cedars ſtand,
More ſubiect vnto meane deſsignes,
Then they to great commaund;
And ſimple Honeſtie at laſt is ſeene,
To ioyne in mariage with a Queene.

Cant. I.

THis *Taylor* tooke vnto his trade,
A neighbours child, but poore;
The Boy was yong, yet wits perſwade
His yeares were many more:

How euer, hee's reported young,
Though old in apprehention ;
Whereby this canker Enuie, ſproung,
And cauſd this blacke diſſention.
The Maiſter was oreſhot i'th marke,
At which he gaue the ayme,
The Boy exceedes the pariſh Clarke,
And got his Maiſters fame :
In time, the Maiſter wrought no more,
Nor reaſon wil'd him vſe it,
Since whom he taught, increaſt his ſtore,
Why might not he refuſe it ?
But practizd from *Pithagoras*,
Schoole poynts of transformation,
By Art he wonne, and brought to paſſe,
The forme of any faſhion :
Sometimes he would flie like a Bird,
Anone a Horſe, a Tree :
And by and by in thought or word,
A Fowle, a Fiſh, a Bee.
The litle Lad, which had an eye
On all his Maiſter did,
Grew wearie of his trade, whereby
His better iudgment chid,
And bid him boldly looke about,
His Maiſter had in ſtoore,
A rarer ſecret of much doubt,
His preſent ſkill was poore :
Once aboue all, aſcends the Staires,
And through the key-hole peepes,
To note his Maiſters new affaires,
And what ſtrange coyle he keepes :

Who

Who buſie in transforming life,
To ſundry ſhapes of toyes:
In his beholding, grew a ſtrife,
Of dread and hidden ioyes.
Now he beholdes his Maſter chang'd
And like a Tree appeares:
At laſt a Horſe, an Ape eſtrangde,
In ſeuerall ſhapes and feares:
Theſe tranſiue apparitions dealt,
As mad-men in their fits;
Who compaſſe all they toucht or fealt,
When th' are but wiſhing wits:
He downe deſcendes, and watches time
To try this wiſhed ſkill.
He found the ſteps that he did clime,
Were farthring to his will.
So while his Maiſter by him ſelfe
Did practiſe thus to bee,
This buſie Ape and willing elfe,
As expert was as hee.
The Lad deuiſes now to make
His Father rich and great;
Comes and demaunds if for needs ſake,
He ſhould vrge Artes conceit
To do him grace? " I, (ſaies the old man)
" My pouertie is ſuch;
" I pre-thee child, do what thou can
" Nor may it be too much:
" Considring I did bring thee vp
" In knowledge, care, and loue,
" And let thee drinke of plenties cup;
" A Fathers beſt behoue."

The obedient Boy deſirous too,
To ſhew his vtmoſt will,
Intreates his Father thus to do,
For practiſe of his ſkill:
To buy i'th morne a Saddle and Bridle,
And meet him that ſelfe morrow,
In *Caijus* field, and if poſſible,
He would rid his ſorrow:
" There ſhall you finde (ſayes he) a Steed,
" as white as Snow or Swan:
" Poſſeſſe him to relieue your need,
" And make what price ye can."
He thankes his ſonne: " I but (quoth he)
" What ſequel lags behind?
" Nought elſe but this; when you ſhall ſee
" The bargaine full aſſignd,
" Vnſaddle me, and leaue me ſold;
" But ſee the ſame be done,
" Leaſt after ſorrow grow too bold,
" On what is thus begunne."
They parted faire, the Old man home,
The Boy vnto his traide,
The dayes end neere, the night is come,
And all things well appaide:
The *Taylor* now bethinking him,
Of fortunes paſt and gone;
His Seruants necligence, lookt grim,
That all decayde at home:
Riſes to 's Booke, and by his art,
He well perceiues and findes
His Boyes attempt, his ſkill to thwart,
Poſſeſt him twentie mindes.

What

" What will this Youngſter riſe vnto,
" If thus he climbe (ſayes hee)
" To'th top of all my practize? no,
" It may nor muſt not bee."
Sees, he was altred in his ſhape,
And to a goodly Steed;
Deuiſes now to catch the Ape,
In practiſe of this deed;
Doth riſe betime, and ſutes his backe,
Like one that t[r]affickt much:
And to the market all in blacke,
As Marchants, like one ſuch.

Argu-

Argument

Enuie in her Sables dreſt
Adornd like one of ire:
Thus ſhapt, is euer ready preſt,
To finiſh blacke deſire:
But ſee the chaunce, and what proceedes
On ſuch diſaſtrous diueliſh deedes.

CANT. 2.

COmes, where the old man pacde his ſteede,
There people wondred oft,
To ſee this Iade of ſuch a breede,
Curuet, práunce, leape aloft.
He cals to know the loweſt price:
It was fiue hundred Francks.
Too deare ſayes he, the old man wiſe,
Sayd ſo it ſhould, and thanks:

As

As chapmen in their bargaines ſticke
To riſe and fall, ſo hee
Offerd and went, comes backe as quicke;
At laſt they did agree:
The money tenderd, vp he gets,
To try the paced Steed;
Who vp o'th ſodaine, hence he iets,
In pace of poſting ſpeed:
Thus galloping, the old man ſithes,
" My ſaddle's on (ſayes hee)
" I am vndone, ore-gone vniths,
" Som power preſeruer bee."
Home comes my *Taylor* to his Stable,
Who to 'th Manger tyes
This Horſe with Ropes, while he was able
Beats his backe and thighes.
" Thou art my ſeruant now (ſayes hee)
" To ride, to run, and go;
" And I will vſe thee cruelly:
" Had I before done ſo,
" I had not thus bin backt and rid,
" By him Ile ouer ride."
The Boy thus heard how he was chid,
Thus to himſelfe he cride,
" Forgetfull Father, I am wrong'd,
" Thy necligence is cauſe;
" Now ſhall my torment be prolong'd,
" And here my ſhape muſt pauſe,
" Vnleſſe ſome one vngirt my backe,
" This ſhape will euer bee:
" Thus my confuſed ſhame and wracke,
" Is (Father) come by thee."

Nor Hay or Prouender was giuen,
Nor Water for to drinke:
Thus Pin'd, with Want, all was vneuen,
The Boy transform'd, doth thinke:
Art out went Art in what was done,
His Maiſters ſkill was ſtronger,
And he by learning ouercome,
Was now approou'd the younger.
The *Taylor* had two tender Babes,
A little Sonne and Daughter;
Who often ſaw their Father's rage,
And what would happen after:
Conſider'd in their infant thoughts,
Vnles the Horſe had food,
The ſtately Steede would come to nought;
And that were not ſo good.
One after noone came there to play,
At laſt they thus bethought 'om
The Horſe was dry, and knew the way
To 'th water; where they brought 'om:
The Iade ſhoke often, by the mane,
His Girts ganne to vnloſe;
The Saddle that did fall off cleane,
As he to 'th Riuer goes:
The litle one ſtayes there to keepe it,
While the other leades
The Steed to 'th water; doth beweepe it,
And it euer dreades,
" It will be loſt, alas (ſayes he)
" Then are we both vndone:
" Our Father miſſing it, will be
" In anger ouercome."

While

While thus they doubtfully do plead
The falling of the Saddle,
The ſubtile Steed doth ſtand in dread,
T' wil cauſe a further brabble:
And now, or neuer, muſt he get
His libertie to goe,
Either by force, by preſent wit,
Or liue in endles woe:
He rubs his head againſt his legge,
And euer and anone,
Whinnies aloude, as if he begges
The children to be gone:
But being by the Riuer ſide,
The Bridle new ſlipt off,
Like to a little Fiſhe, doth ſlide
Into the Streame, and laugh
To ſee the young-ones cry aloude;
And what a mone they make
For him, who now was nothing proude
This ſhape to vndertake.

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Argument.

Tis euer ſo, that ſubtiltie
Doth triumph ouer ſuch
Whoſe infant young ſimplicitie,
Bewayles the action much:
But where intended honeſtie,
Doth worke for his auaile,
Let wiſedome wiſh indifferently,
It may haue preſent baile:
As in this ſhape it now appeares,
To ſcape the Taylors two-edge ſheares.

CANT, 3.

THe affrighted young ones all amaz'd,
Returning from the Brookes,
At whom the angrie Father gaz'd,
Saw wonders in their lookes:

Doth

Doth Queſtion what the matter is,
They lookt all ſadly ſo:
They fearefull too, that did amiſſe,
Were loth that he ſhould know:
But when there was no remeadie,
They tell their Father this,
How that his Horſe was ſodainely
Transform'd into a Fiſh.
Hee all inraged, gets him home,
And when he ſaw twas true,
His Mans disguiſe to recompence,
He bids him-ſelfe adue,
And turnes into a greater Fiſh,
The leſſer to deuower,
Becauſe he knew no way but this,
Was in his furies power:
Thus ſhapt, he ſprings into the Streame,
Where his reuenge did ſwim.
Now is he in an other Realme,
Which was vnknowne to him:
Anone he comes amongſt the ſhoales,
Where ſiluer finned Fiſhes
Kept their bright meeting in the goales,
Of *Neptune's* watry wiſhes.
But miſſing him whom he deſir'd
He glotes as lightning glides;
Searching the deepes, he ſoone aſpir'd
Where golden *Tagus* bides,
Where *Triton* with his Trumpet blaſt,
And *Argus* eyes kept way,
While plentie ballaſt from it faſt,
What flotes the *Indian* Sea.

Heere was the ſubtile *Taylor* Fiſh
Suſpected for a thiefe:
And driuen from doing ought amiſſe
By power from the chiefe:
Nor there, nor any where he findes
His new transformed youth;
Of Fiſh or Man, of neither kindes,
Though both of him inſuth,
At length vnlookt for, while he ſtayes,
Playing i'th Flood at 's eaſe,
On's bellie, back, ſides, ſundry wayes,
As his content ſhall pleaſe:
He ſpies a ſtranger-Fiſh paſſe by;
At whom, ſmall Fiſhes throng,
As if they knew by nature, why
He had diſguiſ'd ſo long.

Argument.

Heere may you note in anger,
What toyles and labours bee,
And though the old be ſtronger,
Yet often times we ſee
The younger wins the glorie,
As you ſhall finde writ in the ſtorie.

CANT. 4.

THus eager in purſuite they glide,
The ſeruant Fiſh perceaues
It was his Maiſters ſubtile pride,
Springs through the weed-growne leaues:

The

The elder Fiſh vſ'd age and ſtrength,
The younger vſ'd more ſpeed:
Yet ſcarce had power to keepe his length,
In his poſte paſſiue ſpeed:
Through ſheluie Brooks (by ſedgy bancks
The ſhallow and the deepe)
In Mud, in Grauell, Weedes and Crancks,
Now ſwim they, then they creepe.
The beautious *Ala*, *Iabins* daughter,
King of ſea and land,
Sends out her hand-mayd ſoone hereafter,
To the ſalt ſea ſand,
To gather Pibbles for her Bow,
To ſhoote at flying Birds:
Shee ſtoopes and ſets her Baſket low,
Vſing theſe angrie wordes.
" Muſt I be made a gleaner now,
" To geather killing Stones,
" For harmeles chirpers, that each bough,
" Beares freely for the nones?"
While thus ſhe grudg'd her taking toyle,
And looking on the Sea,
She might behold this heauie coyle,
As Fiſhes when they play;
And in the Sommer leape aloft,
In the beholders eye;
And ſodainely fall downeward ſoft,
I'th water where they lie.
Euen ſo theſe twaine, wearie with flight,
Make ſtand; as in the fielde
Two Armies meete, to try the right,
And make the other yeelde.

Sometimes

Sometimes the huſh was in the water
Like a hollow Grone,
And inſtantly proceeded after
Quiet, as if none
Diſturb'd the Flood: but when her eye
Had pierct the meaning truely,
More wondring ſtood ſhe, and thereby
She did obſerue them duely.
When Enuie boldly ſhewde it ſelfe
In Fiſh, ſo well as Men;
To which, ſhe ſtanding on the ſhelfe,
Made this reply agen.
" Poore fooles, how is't they wrangle ſo,
" Either in braule or ſport?
" T'is prettie, how ſo euer (I trow)
" And fitting my report."
But while amazde ſhe them beheld
The ſmaller Faſh grew weake,
Could not contend, but needs muſt yeeld:
And therefore thus doth ſpeake.
" O modeſt Mayde receiue me yet,
" And ſaue me from my foe:"
O'th ſodaine in her Baſket leapt,
A prettie Fiſh in ſhoe:
But while amazde ſhe lookt thereon,
As muſing at this thing,
The Fiſh ſhe did behold, was gon
Into a Rubie Ring,
Vnſeene of her, amongſt the Stones
She geatherd on the ſand,
Which ſhe chooſ'd out there for the nonce
By labour with her hand.

Argument

This Rubie conqueres where it lights,
None but a Princeſſe hand,
Can part the couple that ſo fights.
On water and on land:
Which fight, makes plaine, as you may reed,
A Beggers braule, a Princes deed.

CANT. 5.

THe prettie gatherer home returnes,
And giues the Princeſſe theeſe:
(I meane the Pibbles) and ſhe mournes,
Her labour thus to leeſe:

Tyerde

Tyerde and wearie with the toyle,
And in a prettie iest,
Desires the Princesse vse lesse coyle,
When she would haue the rest:
And therewithall, vnfouldes the fight
Betwixt the angrie Fishes,
Which made the Princesse to delight,
That she in person wishes
Sh'ad bin pertaker of the warre:
So prettily maintainde,
The iourney had not bin too farre,
As she to her complainde:
But when her Mayde reported to her
Of the Fishes scape
The storie more and more did wooe her,
She reioyst the shape.
That she o'th sodaine did enjoy,
In presence of the Fish:
All this the Ring transformed Boy
Had, as his heart did wish;
And in his foyle so louely set,
Faire collited in Gold,
He shinde amongst the Pibbles wet,
Most louely to behold:
So beautifull and sanguine red,
The price no value had;
Which when she saw, she quickly said
Her hopes were ritchly alleid:
Vpon her pretious ioynt tis put,
Whose beautie did contend,
Whether the Ring, or Finger to't,
Were loueleſt to commend.

But while this maze of doubt drue on,
Her ouer weening pride
Was daunted; for report anon
Came to her, and that cride,
Her Fathers Feauer was extreame,
His Phisicke did no good:
T'was killing newes to all the Realme,
Vntimely vnderſtood,
In ſorrow when the ſilent night,
Did ſummon her to bed;
Not ſleepe, but ſlumber well ſhe might
For to her ſadnes ſaid:
In mid'ſt of which, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw
A naked man lie neare,
Imbracing her: who cryed law,
" Faire Princeſſe neuer feare;
" I am the Rubie on your hand,
" Transformed as you ſee;
" In other ſhape at your commaund,
" Your vaſſaile ſlaue to bee."
This certaine apparition ſeene,
Whereto ſhe thus replies:
Twixt ſleepe and wake: " I am a Queene,
" And of no common price:
" Tis treaſon if thou touch me yit;
" And therefore be not bold
" Vnles our births do princely fit:
" But if my Ring of Gold,
" Touch then, and ſpare not; do thy beſt
" To pleaſe me in the weare:"
" And I am ſuch at your requeſt,
" (Quoth he) and therefore neare.'

He

He on her Iuorie white of breaſts,
Preſumes a wanton hand;
She puts it by like Muſicke reſts
In ſkilfull ſongs commaund.
His waggiſh boldnes cride, all's mine!
Her mayden ſhame bade, fie:
His rudenes did a worke in time,
And ſhe perceiu'd thereby
It was a ſubſtaunce, and no thought:
She ſtarts vpright i'th bed:
" Alas (ſayes ſhe) is treaſon wrought,"
(And offerd to haue fled)
" O feare mee not," *Adonis* ſayes,
(For now hee's ſuch a one,
As ſcornde the conqueſt loues the praiſe
Of what his fortune wonne:)
" But vnderſtand me what I am,
" My ſhape, and comming hither."
All told, the ſequell ſayes, loues ſhame
Deuide all wrong in either:
For Honour was his ſuertie,
He would be chaſt and true:
She did accept ſecuritie,
And thus begins anew.
" Ile boaſt me as no Princeſſe can,
" Nor yet that euer might;
" In naked bed I lay by man,
" Yet honeſt all the night:
" And thou ſhalt ſay as much againe,
" Thy vertue is the greater,
" That mighſt, and would not be ſo vain
" Poſſeſſing ſuch a creature."

In this contemplatorie prate,
They paſt away the night;
Where, what to her he did relate,
Imagine, iudge ye might:
The deed of darkneſſe left vndone,
It was their firſt condition:
Then in what errour can they run,
Vnles in repetition:
For that was free in him and her,
Both parties were agreed,
In which they ventred on ſo far,
Vow ſeald their after ſpeed.
The morning iealious of the eye,
That might behold him there,
Giues warning, and he by and by,
Her Rubie did appeare,
Plac'd on her finger, as before.
" O *Veſta* deare! (ſayes ſhe)
" I am thy vottery now no more,
" This ring hath conquered me."
She kiſt her Finger, welcomde it;
Bade farewell vnto man,
Since both were Fancies friends to fit
Her virgine boldnes than.
Her Maydes that lay her chamber by,
Begins to chide her ſorrow,
Becauſe that ſollitude was nie;
Yet bids them kind good morrow.
Alas (ſayes ſhe) my Fathers griefe,
Is cauſe of all my care;
Both you and I ſhall mourne as chiefe
If he die vnaware.

" No

" No (quoth the Virgin) here is newes,
" Will make your ſad heart light;
" It makes all modeſt wonder muſe
" That hapt ſince yeaſter night."
She longes (as women do with child)
To heare that bleſſed wonder:
They in their tatling meeke and milde,
Doth trueth and iudgment ſunder:
But when they finde tis all too good,
The offer made to 'th King,
Was true and eaſly vnderſtood,
It did their comfort bring.
" There is (quoth they) a Doctor come,
" Ariu'd but late laſt night;
" Of whoſe great ſkill he yeeldes you ſome,
" And doth our Countrey right:
" He will attempt what all refuſe,
" By Phiſicks art to cure
" Your Fathers Feauer: and this newes,
" He doth by life aſſure:
" Onely his recompence is ſmall;
" Which when his art is doone,
" He will demaunde, and there-with-all,
" This morn he hath begunne:
" And tis not yet two howers ago,
" Since his firſt Potion tooke;
" Whereby the fit that haunts him ſo,
" His vſuall hower forſooke.
This powerfull parlie rouſ'd the Deare,
The Larke did early mount:
It ſprung a Partridge; whoſe vpreare,
Was of a great account:

She now deſires to ſee the man,
Whoſe cunning promiſ'd this:
And thus the enuious *Taylor* can
Be Marchaunt, Doctor, Fiſh:
For he it was whoſe ſtrange diſguiſe,
Afforded power of ſkill,
To cure the King, who bed-red lyes,
And doth obey his will.

Argu

Argument

Here comming, doth preſent his cure,
To accompliſh further ſpight:
And doth vp throw his loftie lure,
Whereon the Hauke ſhould light:
But the Birds eye well ſees and knowes
The Partriges from carrion Crowes.

CANT. 6.

THe King in comfort of his cure,
Begins to bragge his health.
The Doctor further doth aſſure
Himſelfe of loue and wealth:

And all the Countrie in a hope,
Their King ſhall by his art,
Enioy a further princely ſcope,
Then health could yet impart:
Who but this Doctor, through the land,
Was prayed for euery where,
Who by his art did vnderſtand
His Boy diſguiſ'd was there;
Intendes to meete him in that ſhape
Who yet thinkes little ſo,
Vntill report betrayde the ſcape
Of his preſuming foe.
Now ſlumbers on the Princeſſe finger,
As her deareſt Iem;
While this thrice happy tydings bringer,
Thus awakened them.
Who comming, while the King in bed
Lay wayting life or death:
The Ring nought hearing, litle ſaid,
It wanted life and breath,
Till it transform'd to man againe,
Should heare what came to paſſe:
And as it ſeem'd, it did remaine
A Rubie ſhining, t'waſſe.
The amorous Princeſſe now attired,
Comes to the craſed King:
Whoſe bleſſing when ſhe had deſired,
She preſents her Ring:
And with no vulgar complement
Diuulg'd, and did extole
The beautie, vertue, excellent,
With ioy and earneſt ſoule.

Much

Much prayſes paſt twixt him and her:
The Doctor ſtanding by,
" Sayd, if I cure your Graces Feauer,
" You can not deny,
" But I ſhall haue what I will aſke,
" In guerdion of my ſkill."
" T'is true, (the King ſayes) to this taſke,
" I binde my royall Will."
" Why then prepare (the Doctor ſayes)
" This Rubie Ring for me;
" I am inamor'd of the prayſe,
" And mine the fame ſhall be."
" I that, and what elſe (ſayes the King)
" My kingdome can afford,
" Is thine, my former health to bring,
" Thereto I paſſe my word."
" How can it be (the Princeſſe ſayes)
" Our Father will beſtow
" What is not his, to length his dayes?
" Although I duetie owe,
" And (as a child) ſhould part with all,
" Your health to re-obtaine;
" It is my life that he doth call,
" To recompence his paine:
" And mine is dearer vnto mee,
" Then yours, or thouſands moe.
" What touches life, is ſtill, you ſee,
" Our owne thus to beſtow.
" Then pardon me to keepe my life,
" (I meane this Rubie Ring)
" Vnleſſe to him that cals me wife,
" I doe this treaſure bring."

The bed-red Prince inrag'd with griefe,
Cryes, treaſon to his blood:
" For ſhe (ſayth he) that ſhould be chiefe,
" (Obedience vnderſtood)
" Is now neglectfull: woe to thee,
" Thou monſter in thy birth:
" My Daughter? no, to diſagree.
" On matter, though of wirth,
" Yet nothing in reſpect of vs,
" When life lies at the ſtake:
" Giue me the Ring thou reekinſt thus,
" Beſtow it for my ſake."
" Nay then your Maieſtie doth doate,
" And I (quoth ſhe) will not."
" You of his counſell; pray you noate,
" The Doctor ſayes: but that
" Is't poſſible ſuch petite price,
" Should be of ſuch eſteeme?
" Why I aduenture on the dice
" Of Fortune, and caſt them
" To vtmoſt heigth of all the chaunce,
" Perhaps my ſoule is gage,
" Your highnes perſon to aduance:
" And ſhall, ill, thus preſage.
" Then Knowledge in obliuion turne,
" And Art with Studie end:
" My prayſes periſh, Bookes ſhall burne,
" All ſlacke what I intend:
" If I had aſkt the Diademe
" To weare it as mine owne;
" Thus Kinglike to commaund the Realme,
" It had not been beſtowne,

" Since

" Since in a toy, a guift ſo bace
" I am ſo ſoone neclected:
" If in a motion of more grace,
" How had I been reſpected:
" I will begone, tis time I trow,
" Accurſt my comming hither.
" When kindnes imps his wing ſo low,
" In fracture of this Feather,"
The Doctor flinges aſide in rage:
Whereat the King amazde
Cals him againe: whoſe ſullen age,
When it o'th Princeſſe gazde,
He darted furie from his eyes,
Which ſhot the Daughter through:
But when ſhe thought vpon the prize
She reackt no anger now:
" Shoot on (ſayes ſhe) here is my heart,
" Deare Father, hit it dead;
" Before from this I euer part,
" Come miſchiefe on my head:
" I'fayth I will not ſo perſwade."
(And offerd to be gone)
" Stay (ſayth the King) thou cruell Mayde,
" Thou ſhalt not goe alone,
" To priſon take her, ſhut her vp
" From ſight of day or ſunne,
" Since by her nay, this night I ſup
" With ruine, thus vndone.
" What hope haue I to haue my cure,
" When knowledge is rewarded,
" And hath no vantage to aſſure
" On promiſe ſo awarded:

" Goe chaine her head vnto her knees,
" There let her pine and die;
" Since their obedience giues to leese,
" What children owe thereby.
" Shall I haue any in my land;
" Nay of my fleſh and blood,
" That will nay dare ſo ſoone withſtand
" The motion wee thinke good?
" Why now mee thinkes I am recur'd,
" And luſtier then before:
" And ſhall not ſuch ſmall loue ſecur'd
" Be graunted much the more?
" I'll giue thee for that petite Ring,
" A million of Treaſure:
" Nay, curſed as I am thy King,
" I will commaund my pleaſure:
" Yet humbly, as I am thy father,
" I requeſt and craue;
" Thou art my child, ſo much the rather,
" Let me aſke, and haue."
The Flint by this, was pierc'd with raine,
The Marble of her minde
Began to yeeld, that ſhe againe
Relented, and was kinde.
" To morrow (ſayes ſhe) you ſhall heare
" My reſolutions doome:
" Till then, be paſſified to beare
" For charitie, I'le come."
The King receiues her in his armes,
" I pre-thee child, ſayes hee,
" (And kiſſes her) auoyde the harmes,
" That howerly threaten mee:

" If

' If I ſhould die the loſſe were great;
' And therefore for to liue,
' Vouchſafe thy Ring, the guift's no cheat,
' That I intreat thee giue:
' Part from it willingly, kind Daughter,
' Well I know thy heart
' Affectes it dearely; yet my ſlaughter
' Dearer is in part."
At this ſhe ſmil'd, and anſwer'd, well:
As if a man ſhould ſay,
Theſe flattries wins nor heauen nor hell,
And ſo ſhe goes her way:
But as ſhe turn'd her out of ſight
ſhe caſtes a bitter looke
Vpon the Doctor, as ſhe might,
But he pour'd on his booke,
As melancholy Students doo,
Whoſe practiſe well they know,
Both want both meanes and matter too,
Yet they muſt brooke it thoe.
The ſithing King ſayes, " Courage man,
Be frolick, tis thy Ring
And I am thine to boote: what than
May thy diſcomfort bring?
Shall we that all commaund, be thus
Neclected in a toy?
No, aſke a Countrey next of vs,
And give that to thy Boy."
That word brought blood into his face,
Which was before ſo paile.
Thought he, how near me comes your Grace,
Ore him I ſhall preuaile:

" For

" For t'is his ruine I attempt,
" And if I get this Ring,
" His ſhape of Boy, I'le circumuent,
" He ſhall be no ſuch thing.
Home comes the Princeſſe, and all ſad.
She throwes her on the bed;
" Alas (ſayes ſhe) I ſhall run mad,
" Such wiles are in my head:
" Oh tis my Finger that poynts to it;
" Tis, it is my Ring;
" And tis a Father, he doth do it,
" Tis a cruell King:
" What is he liuing elſe but he,
" That would his Daughter thrall,
" To ſubiugate himſelfe and me,
" Vnto his Vrinall?
" To one whoſe ſkill is but as ſhreads,
" That cunning workemen cut;
" Not Art-profeſſing ſkilfull heads,
" But more impoſture put,
" A mountie bancke our Poet ſaies,
" Deſcribed by his Foxe,
" That ſips vp Wine, wherein dead Flies
" Remaine in drowned floxe:
" A Quackſaluer, a Pedagoge,
" A Phiſicke cheating knaue,
" A Poyſoner, and a cunning Roge,
" To Vertue young and graue:
" One that trots about the land,
" His Budget at his backe,
" As Tinkers, hammering in their hand
" A Kettle with a cracke.

" Ob

" Oh pardon me faire Modeſtie,
" And Charitie forgiue!
" I am aſhamde vnreuerently,
" Such ſlaues as he, ſhould liue."
She wets her finger from her lips,
And rubs it about the Ring,
And mildly off the Rubie ſlips,
That's graunted to the King,
" Lie there (ſayes ſhe) vnworthy I,
" To gaine ſo ritch a Iem,
" That am inforc'd by flatterie,
" To yeeld thee vp to them."

Argument

Deſpaire, that towers vp ſo hie,
In mayden griefe and feare :
Lights low through loue, and doth defie
The danger that ſits neare:
For from the earth ſprings vp a ſhape,
That frees the feare of ſuch a rape :
And rubie beautie in this Ring,
Transformes to loue man, any thing.

CANT. 7.

NO sooner did the Ring touch ground
But preſently doth change
Into his former ſhape profound,
To iudgement paſſing ſtrange.

In

In cloth of Gold and Pearle to ſee,
More louely then before:
In loue exceeding his degree,
For it was ten times more.
" Now ſweete (ſayes he) why are you ſad?
" Why is your beautie paile?"
" You know (quoth ſhe) it makes me mad
" And they will both preuaile."
" I pre'thee Princeſſe, ſpeake thy minde,
" Though I change ſhape (ſayes hee:)
" Yet Nature is not all ſo kinde,
" To graunt that guift to mee:
" Thus can I heare, and iudge a thing,
" Becauſe my ſenſes bee:
" But when I am your Rubie Ring,
" What liuing's then in mee?
" I pre'thee let me heare thy griefe
" I know my Maiſters ſpight
" Purſues me, and is too too briefe,
" This very inſtant night:
" But in what ſhape I do not know,
" Yet ſtill my heart perſwades,
" Some transformation he doth ſhow
" In day and night s blacke ſhades:
" And ſure I am he vnderſtands,
" It cannot be denide,
" How like a Rubie on theſe hands,
" My mortall ſhape doth bide
" Haue you not heard of ſuch a man
" As ſeekes your Ring to win?"
" Yes, yes (ſayes ſhe) and told him than,
" What leuell-coyle had bin;

" How

" How Phiſicke had her Father curde,
" Requeſting but that guift :
" Which being by the King aſſurde
" T'was gone, no other ſhift.
" She had ſtood out to th' vttermoſt,
" And more then did beſeeme :
" A child againſt her father loſt
" A King of ſuch eſteeme:
" But now my ſtoutnes ſtoopes perforce ;
" For who is't will not yeeld ?
" When parents praiers prouokes remorce,
" To win the glorious field :
" And I haue parted in defence,
" Till compoſition ſpake,
" And bade me beg for my pretence
" A Pardon for loue's ſake.
" I did it ; and he graunted truce
" Conditionally, that hee
" Should haue this Ring, and all abuſe
" Was pardoned in mee.
" I chaleng'd till the morrow next
" And I would anſwere them :
" But now ſtand I the moſt perplext,
" For I muſt yeeld the Iem.
" But when my heart fore-thinkes againe
" Thy danger ; and now know
" It is thy Maiſters Furie then
" That thus purſues thee ſo :
" I now make proteſtation,
" It ſhall neuer bee ;
" Ile looſe my life before ſuch faſhion,
" Wronges my Loue and mee."

As

As Doctors in their deepeſt doubts,
Stroke vp their foreheads hie,
Or men amazde, their ſorrow flouts,
By ſqueaning with the eye:
Or as the Mayde ſurcharg'd with woe,
Shewes water in her eyes,
Or as the Schoole-boy loth to goe
Doth trueant ſcuſe deuiſe;
Or as a Wanton in her muſe,
Doth ſtand and bite the lip;
Or as the Priſoner cannot chuſe,
But ſtayes to take the whip:
Euen ſo ſtood he, all ſpent and gone,
Solemne deepe poſſeſt;
Anone he walkes aſide alone,
And ſhewes his heart's vneſt
By ſigths and looking vp to heauen,
And beating of his hands.
The Princeſſe griefe not much vneuen,
His ſadnes vnderſtands,
And ſorrow can of ſorrow iudge,
When meditations by,
For ſilence is a common drudge
To inward pollicie;
She thus ſalutes him " Gentle loue,
" Miſtruſt not my true heart;
" Tis thine for euer: which to approue,
" This Ring ſhall neuer part,
" I'le die imbracing thee (I ſweare)
" As thou ſhalt compaſſe mee:
" Nor let it grieue thy minde to heare
" This ſodaine extaſie;

" For t'is like raine in ſunſhine; yit
" Which promiſes to earth,
" Though cloudy tempeſt much vnfit
" Will come a time of wirth;
" And ſo in vs: haue patience then
" Theſe ambiguities
" Will with the Doctors ſkill to men,
" Threaten vncertainties:
" But more extortion of the ill,
" Will turne to after good."
All this ſhe ſpake with hearts good will;
But t'was not vnderſtood,
He muſde on matter of more waight,
How beſt he might preuent
With tricke for tricke his Maiſters pate,
Which hammer'd ill intent.
" Art come? (ſayes he) and is it knowne
" How I eſcapt thy ire,
" And fled the water, kept my owne,
" To hinder thy deſire?
" Alacke poore life, how art thou ſought,
" What traps are layde for thee?
" And now I ſee tis not for nought,
" My Maiſter iniures mee:
" Since I not onely am eſcapt,
" But thus am hie in fauour;
" By meanes and art I'me double ſhapt,
" Of value and behauour.
" Come, doe thy worſt, I haue deuiſ'd:
" Thy welcome is but woe:
" Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd; and I am wiſ'd,
" Thy hate to vnder-goe.

" Faine

" Faire ſtarre of beautie, whoſe bright ſhine
" Doth all the Comets dimme;
" Whoſe blaze makes Metures force decline,
" Being deckt ſo heauenly trimme.
" Giue hearing now, or neuer, ſweete,
" It ſtands vs both vpon;
" This cunning Doctor wee'le regreete
" With like for like, anone:
" I will aſſume my laſt diſguiſe,
" In likenes of the Ring,
" Which thou ſhalt bring in louing wiſe;
" Preſent it to the King."
" O no (quoth ſhee) I made an oth,
" That I would neare doe ſo;
" Nor thou nor it, neither of both,
" I neuer will forgoe:"
" Nor neuer ſhall you, heare me yit,
" Marke how the deed ſhall be;
" Such deeds muſt haue a reach of wit
" To baffill ſuch as he:
" When thou in humblenes of heart,
" Makſt proffer of the ſame,
" Confeſſe tis duetie to impart,
" To ſhun a Fathers blame:
" But churliſh caſt it on the earth,
" Which be you ſure it tucht,
" Or all we do is little worth,
" Although we venture much.
" And for the morall, giue me leaue
" To iudgle, with the Diuell:
" I will explaine, that he'le perceaue,
" His welcome is but euill."

The

The Princeſſe weary of her woe,
Deſirous to be briefe,
Applaudes his bidding, will do ſo,
To cheate this phiſicke thiefe,
Attires her in her coſtly weedes,
More ritch then euer yit;
And to her Father ſhe proceedes,
Deſirous all ſhould fit.
More like a Goddeſſe lookes ſhe now,
Then Princeſſe made of earth:
To whom her Fathers ſubiectes bow,
And bleſt her hower of birth;
Repeating to her as ſhe goes,
Her welcome was but ill:
But now the Court and Country knowes
Shee's bleſt i'th Kings good-will.
Theſe buſie Subiectes, ſuch they are,
As be in other lands,
That carpe at ſtate; and do declare,
What no man vnderſtands:
They'le ſeeme to know, and what they thinke
Is Chronicle for truth:
The Prince fils out, and they will drinke,
Both ſawcie, age and youth:
Well, leaue them to their vulgar prate,
And come we to our ſtorie,
The Princeſſe came, the King in ſtate,
Salutes her Virgin glorie:
Sees in her eyes, the will conſent,
And welcomes her with ſmiles.
Sayes, " daughter, heauen and earth are bent
" To bleſſe vs both the whiles,

" This

" This Doctor's here, whoſe excellence
" Of art and ſecret ſkill,
" Hath raiſ'd an old and ruind fence,
" To ſtand moſt ſtrongly ſtill:
" And now no doubt, thou art reſolu'd
" To graunt him his requeſt:
" I know thy loue is more reuolu'd
" And lou'ſt that Iewell beſt:
" But I haue lent thee long a Iemme,
" Of hie and greater wirth;
" My heart, my child, this royall ſtemme,
" Hath bleſt thee from thy birth."
With this, ſuch teares the King let fall,
The chriſtall drops ſo ſhine,
As it did woe and pittie call,
Their duties to reſigne,
Like Diamonds lookt his pearly teares;
For ſuch they were of beautie:
Who pitties not his creſt falne yeares,
And balmes them with their duetie.
Euen ſo doth ſhe and ſmilingly
Like children to their mother,
Once beaten for their foolery,
Yet they can do no other,
But have the water in their eyes;
Although to pleaſe the time,
They laugh and ſmile, t'is but diſguiſe,
To coulour out their crime.
T'is thus with her whoſe heart was bent
Still to detaine the Ring,
Yet weeping ripe, in merriment,
Conſented to the King:

Whom Wrath with Nature wreſteled,
And Loue with Anger ioynde:
She thus diſſembling, nesteled,
And this excuſe was coynde.
" Sir, as your bidding gaue commaund,
" I come, in humble ſort,
" Obedient both in heart and hand,
" To yeeld the conquer'd fort:
" To ſhew my dutie to your Grace,
" My hearts-hate to this man
" Who in reſpect of time and place,
" I brooke as beſt I can:
" Yet who is't hath poſſeſion
" Of value and of wirth,
" That giues it interceſſion
" To one of baſer birth,
" But gals at heart, and grieues at ſoule,
" To let ſuch value goe?
" Did not your Maieſtie controule,
" And ſayd, it ſhould be ſo?
" Whereto I am a willing child;
" Confeſſing what I haue,
" Is dedicate, and thus compilde
" Vnto your iudgement graue:
" And heere it is; I kiſſe it yit,
" Next lay it at your feete,
" To ſhew my loue, as doth befit
" To one of ſuch eſtate.
" But as it is the price of cure,
" I willingly reſigne,
" And do my mayden life aſſure
" I owe, what elſe is mine.

But

" But then againe, as you reuiue
" My Father and my King :
" My coyneſſe more and more doth ſtriue,
" To part with Life and Ring.
" So much for that: now ſir to you
" That challenge at my hand
" A payment royall, ritch, and true,
" And done by great commande:
" Promiſe me yet before the King,
" As you are what you ſeeme,
" Not for to wrong this Rubie Ring,
" But hold it in eſteeme:
" For many ſuch as you (I know)
" Like *Æſops* Cocke, i'th duſt,
" Had rather haue a Corne to owe,
" Then Stone of ſuch a truſt:
" You'le weare it in ſome abiect ſort,
" Or change the propertie,
" To make your idle iudgement ſport,
" Not like a Lapidarie:
" But as an Alien fooliſh proud.
" With whom ſuch pretious glorie,
" Yet neuer was in thought aloud,
" Or trim'd by cunning for yee."
The Doctor now at hob-man blinde,
Begins to caſt about,
Why ſhe ſhould thinke him ſo vnkinde,
Begins to quele the doubt
With proteſtations, that he would
Loue, like it, as it ought:
As if of twentie Kings it ſhould
Be highly ouer-bought.

" Alas (ſayes he) ſo much I dote
" Vpon this Pretious ſtone,
" As I eſteeme my venture got,
" Is ſeconded by none.
" And as my cure is paſt compare
" For any elſe to know:
" So my rewards, beyond it farre,
" I loue, and like it ſo."
" Come, come (ſayes ſhe) thou hipocrite,
" Diſſembler of thy kinde,
" I know thy heart, and can recite
" Thy perſon and thy minde.
" But thinke not (Sir) the damned Diuell,
" Who you ſo dayly ſerue,
" Will buckler out this common euill,
" But lets your Vertue ſtarue:
" Tis this you ſeeke, and there it is;
" Stoope yit and take the paine,
" You little can affoord, I wis,
" If not ſuch toyle, for gaine.
" My heart doth ſtoope to your requeſt,
" And you ſhall ſtoope thus loe;
" The ground ſhall yeeld what I loue beſt:
" And thus I let it goe."
But as the Doctor greedily,
Doth bend him to the earth
To catch the Rubie ſpeedily,
Begins a worke of worth,
Euen in the moment on the ground,
Whereas the Ring did fall:
Sproung a Pomegranet faire and round;
Which ſight amazed all.

Argu-

Argument

Who challenges ignobly,
A gift aboue requeſt,
This is the fruite that's got thereby,
Whoſe vertue is expreſt,
To ſtaine and ſpot, though it be pure:
Euen ſo it comes to paſſe;
Who wiſely thinkes himſelfe ſecure,
Doth often proue an asse:
As will the ſequell ſhew to all,
What to this Doctor did befall.

CANT. 8.

REcouer'd from this wonderment,
They in their iudgement ſee,
This Fruite was from ſome power ſent,
Vpon the earth to bee:

And euery one begins his pride,
To giue it prayſes due.
The King ſayes firſt: " It is the Bride
" To Beautie, faire and true;
" And was more louely to the eye,
" Then cluſters of ripe Grapes,
" Whoſe preſſure yeelded Wine, whereby
" The heart from ſorrow ſcapes:
" Or like the woman to the man,
" When ſhe in ornament,
" Lookt like the glorie of the Sunne
" Amidſt the Firmament."
The Nobles by, rapt in the prayſe;
One ſpake for all the reſt,
As they in counſell ſate and gaiſe,
While Wiſedome is expreſt.
" To mee (ſayes Grauitie) it ſeemes,
" As Turtles, when they meete,
" Whoſe good agreeing, iudgement deemes
" Hath *non parele* to greete:
" So is my heart vnto this Fruite,
" Annexed with ſuch ioy,
" As well my tongue cannot diſpute,
" Whoſe coulour is *Le roy*."
The modeſt Princeſſe knowing well,
The ſhape, her loue to bee,
Begins to ſhadow, and expell
Her griefes, and thus ſayes ſhee.
" My Fathers iudgement is diuine
" Which thought it was a Bride;
" Euen ſo thinke I, and would t'were mine,
" It were my mayden pride:

" How

" How euer, I will gather it,
" It ſhall be mine in vſe :"
" T'is (quoth the King) and doth befit
" Thy beautie virgin truſe."
Theſe prayſes kild the Doctors heart
He knew it was his Boy
That thus diſguiſ'd, did ſeeke to thwart
The pride of all his ioy,
Lookt like the angry cloudes in blackes,
Which threaten ſhewers of raine ;
Yet ride vpon the mouing rackes,
As it would to the maine:
Euen ſo did he, his ſullen fit
Was now the maine of all,
For he deuiſes by his wit,
How vengeaunce beſt might fall.
Speake your opinion (ſayes the King :)
But he ſayd little to te,
Till on the ſodaine he doth ſpring
And kickt it with his foote :
The Curnels flue about the roome,
That euery ſtander by,
The King & Princeſſe paſt their doome
He did deſerue to die,
To ſpoyle the beautie of a fruite,
Sent there by miracle :
Of whoſe rare being to diſpute,
Did craue an Oracle.
The doomed arts-man ſtraight turnes thrice
When they togeather flocke,
And by his cunning, in a trice,
Appear'd a crowing Cocke :

Strutes, and doth clap his feathrie wings
Crowes out that all might heare;
The other Cockes as loudly ſinges,
That then were ſomething neare.
The King cals to his Lords for ayde,
To coniure downe the Diuell;
The Princeſs and the Lords diſmayde,
Did bleſſe themſelues from euill:
All in a hurly burly now,
The Princeſſe knew right well
The ſequell anſwerd to the vow
Her rubie Ring did tell.
Whiſpers her Father, thus ſhe ſayes:
" Your Maieſtie ſhall ſee
" A comecke ieſt, and worthy prayſe,
" If you will credite mee.
" I am acquainted in ſome part,
" To all this miſterie:
" Beſeeke you then haue quiet heart,
" And note the Hiſtorie."
By this, the Cocke that prunde himſelfe
Was iolly in his iette,
Growne proud his ſhape ſhould catch the elfe,
That did his fortunes lette,
All greedy picks the curnels faſt;
Whereby the Boy did know
T'was time to ſhift, his life was paſt,
If he were eaten ſo:
He ſodainly turnes to a Foxe,
To ſcape his Maiſters power:
Skips heere, leapes there, with friſkes and mocks,
Laſt doth, the Cocke deuower.

Argu

Argument

Here may you ſee how Enuie lurkes,
To worke his diueliſh will:
And how againſt it ſelfe aworkes,
Is author of yit ill.
This Crocadile of helliſh ſpight,
In vgly malice bred,
Shewes like to Arrowes ſhot vpright
Falne on the ſhooters head:
Yet the concluſion doth approoue,
How Hel-borne hate turnes all to loue.

CANT 9.

THis tragicke ſceane was of diſtaſte,
T'was wonder worthy yit:
Till ſmyling ioy claps hands in haſte,
At this ſtrange poynt of wit:

Firſt a Pomegranet, then a Cocke ;
At laſt, a Foxe to bee ;
A miracle, or elſe a mocke,
T'was iudg'd of pollicie,
The Princeſſe ſquats vpon the ground.
And ſmothering in her laughter,
Was readie, thus containd to ſound :
But ſee what followeth after,
The ſubtile Foxe to add the more
Amazement to the wonder,
The Princeſſe ſitting on the flore,
He creepes her Kirtle vnder :
All laugh a good, for heere the Clowne,
His Sceane was now to enter,
When tragicke ſhewes had wonne the Crowne,
Of ſad and bold aduenter :
The reaſon queſtion'd, ſhe is mute,
At laſt, the Foxe vp ſtandes,
And like a Graduate doth deſpute
Vpon their late demaunds :
T'was now no time to bid them feare,
But voyde a further checke :
T'was paſſing ſtrange that they ſhould heare
A Foxe ſo wiſely ſpeake.
" In name of Heauens faire trinitie,
" I charge thee (ſayes the King)
" Depart in peace ; Diuinitie
" Doth coniure any thing :
" Or if thou ſtay'ſt, reueale I charge
" (In name of God on hie)
" The meaning ; let vs heare at large
" Of all this miſterie ?"

" Silence

" Silence then (the Foxe replies)
" And you ſhall further heare,
" But bouldly liſten, and deuiſe
" No other cauſe of feare.
" It is ſufficient what is donne,
" In terrour, King to thee;
" Thy ſickneſſe is againe begonne,
" Without amendement bee.
" The cauſe why this ill fauour'd Diuell,
" Hath vndertooke this ſhape,
" And like a Doctor did this euill,
" Is for a late done Rape,
" Vpon the perſon of a Duke,
" Of late time baniſht hence,
" Who at thy mouth receau'd rebuke,
" Yet t'was for no offence:
" And he is dead that cauſ'd the wrong
" Who on his death-bed told
" What enuie he had borne him long
" And while he liude he would:
" Requeſting he might be cal'd home;
" And yet he is not come:
" Leauing his wronges for thee to attone,
" His owne to'th higheſt dome:
" Theſe Plagues therefore do fall on thee;
" Firſt, Sickneſſe without cure:
" Then ougly Shapes, which ſhew to bee
" The cauſe, thou art impure:
" And leaſt thou do the deads commaund,
" Who did this liuing wrong,
" Reuenge hath tooke the cauſe in hand,
" That lay obſcur'd ſo long.

" Call home the Duke from baniſhment,
" Reſtore him to his owne,
" Before this royall diſcontent
" Be any further ſhowne:
" And I ſhall then aſcend to reſt,
" Whoſe Ghoſt this Doctor raiſ'd,
" To heape vp miſchiefe on thy creſt,
" Wherein thy ſtate's amaz'd.
" Thy Daughter here herſelfe doth wrong,
" For tis ſo much at leaſt,
" In thee and her, that ſhe ſo long,
" Should doate and loue a Beaſt.
" If theſe be ill preſages, iudge,
" Or ominous, forethinke,
" That right to reaſon is a drudge,
" And wronged in a wincke."
The King as one who in his ſleepes
Had dreampt all this for true,
Such bitter exclamation keepes,
As made them all to rue.
" Alas (quoth he) I am abuſ'd
" My Sickneſſe hath his force:
" This Doctors doing hath refuſ'd,
" To worke in right remorce,
" What Plagues hath lighted on my head
" For Incredulitie
" Vpon the Innocent, and bred
" By noble Treacherie;
" Was I the Iudge and Iuror too,
" In this ſo wicked Will,
" To baniſh, and vnknowne to doo
" A Duke ſuch ſecret ill;

" Forgive

" Forgive it Heauens, and pardon Earth,
" My ſelf I'le reconcile
" To Mercie: in this wretched birth,
" That I enioy the while.
" Goe call him home, we will ſurrender,
" His detayned good;
" And by our Parliament make tender,
" Of his Noble blood.
" I am a foole to credite ſuch
" Before I ſee the proofe:
" But t'is a fault in Kings too much,
" Where Iudgement keepes aloofe:
" Hencefoorth I will aduiſe and know,
" Before I cenſure ought;
" In baniſhment to ouerthrow,
" In word, in deed, or thought.
" And let all princely Potencie,
" Example take by mee.
" What t'is to harme Nobilitie,
" When they ſhall guiltles bee.
" Hee's dead and gone, that did this ill,
" Whereto I was an ayde:
" And onely I left ſorrowing ſtill,
" And iuſtly am repayde."
Hence poſt the Nobles ſeuerall wayes,
With Proclamations hire,
To call the noble Duke, whoſe dayes
Shall haue their firſt deſire
The ſubtile Fox cals to the King;
" T'is not enough (ſayes he)
" As pledge of this, giue me thy Ring,
" That ſo and ſo't ſhalbe."

T'was given in preſence of them all
And witneſſe tooke thereon:
No ſooner graunted, but with all,
The Foxe was ſtrangely gone;
And in his roome ſtood vp a Youth,
Of perſon faire and free.
Then did the King beleeue for trueth,
All certaine, he did ſee:
He knew the Boy, t'was ſonne to him
The baniſht Duke that's hence;
As like in feature, voyce and lim,
As wrong is to offence:
He tooke him in his royall armes:
" May I be bold (ſayes hee)
" And be aſſurde from other harmes,
" As is my loue to thee?"
" Sir (quoth the Lad) euen thus it is
" My Father baniſht ſo,
" Liues in a Citie much amiſſe,
" In grieuous want and woe:
" And glad was ſo to liue diſguiſ'd,
" Leaſt your all angrie dome,
" For his remaine had then ſuffiz'd,
" In iuſtice to haue come:
" He bound me to a Taylors trade,
" To blinde his ſtate the more;
" And me (though young) he did perſwade
" To ſecrecie, therefore
" I, in my childiſh wiſedome knew
" He died, if I were knowne;
" Was ſecret and obedient true,
" And learnd to keepe my owne:

" But

" But ſee how bleſſed Fortune wrought,
" That all ſhould come to light
" By me and not by me, t'was ſought,
" Heauens finger poynts aright.
" My ſkill of trade exceeded his
" That was my Maiſter then;
" He held it for his prëiudice,
" I got the loue of men:
" And in his braine ſprung vp a blood
" Of rancor and blacke hate,
" And all my fortunes he withſtood,
" Though I made good, his ſtate:
" He practiz'd then *Pithagoras*,
" To alter ſhapes of men;
" I alſo was as proſperous
" In his proceedings then:
" But when his enuie did perceaue
" My boldneſſe was as ſtrong,
" All honeſt duetie he did leaue,
" To do my life much wrong:
" But I obedient, when I had
" Got knowledge in this art,
" Came to my Father, and was glad
" Some ſuccour to impart
" Transform'd my ſelfe into a Steed,
" And gaue my ſelfe to ſell:
" Which money did relieue his need
" And ſonne-like I did well:
" My enuious Maiſter knew by art,
" That I was in this forme,
" Attired like a Marchant, ſtraight
" He bought me to much harme,

" Had

" Had not his children from the ſtable
" Led me foorth to drinke,
" From that diſguiſe I was vnable
" Ere to change (I thinke)
" But then by them vnſadled,
" As Art wil'd that I ſhould;
" My ſhape of Horſe was altered
" To what my wiſhing would:
" And knowing Land was in his power,
" To vſe me as he liſt,
" I to a Fiſh that preſent hower,
" Was changed ere they wiſt:
" He likewiſe ſhapt into a Fiſh,
" I'th Water to purſue me;
" Who when I ſaw his enuious wiſh,
" And that his malice knew me,
" I ſodainely diſguiſ'd againe,
" Like to a rubie Ring,
" And left the ſiluer floting maine,
" To worke thy cure, ôKing.
" My Maiſter for to conquere me,
" Diſguiſ'd thus Doctor like,
" Procurde thy health, and inſtantly
" The ſtroke of all did ſtrike:
" This good was yours: now giue me leaue
" To doe our ſelues ſome right;
" I like a Rubie did pereeaue
" My ſelfe with her one night;
" Awakened her: and when ſhe felt
" A naked body neare,
" For ſo I was transform'd yet deelt
" Right nobly, neuer feare.

" So

" So when ſhe heard your grace had giuen
" The Doctor this her Ring,
" Who beg'd of purpoſe to make euen
" His malice which did ſpring;
" She yet denide it by my will,
" Then neuer blame her birth;
" My counſell was ſhe ſhould fulfill
" Your bidding in this wirth:
" Yet caſt it on the ſollide ground,
" As if her enuie ſcornde
" All true obedience to confound:
" Yet was her doing charmde;
" For on the ſodaine there-hence ſprong
" A faire Pomegranet bye
" Which your ritch prayſes freely ſong,
" Moſt louely to the eye.
" Whereat the Doctor was all hate
" And comming roundly to' te,
" Before your Grace and Lords of ſtate,
" He kickt it with his foote:
" The Kirnels flew about the roome;
" But I the one by happe,
" By fortune to eſcape his doome,
" Flew in the Princeſſe lappe:
" He knowing all his art was then,
" Repayde but with a mocke,
" Before you and your Noble men,
" Turn'd to a crowing Cocke
" And pickt the Kirnels hungerly,
" Thinking to deuower
" And worke my liues *Cataſtrophy:*
" But I was from his power.

" For like a Foxe, I eat the Cocke,
" As you, and theſe haue ſeene :
" Your iudgements tell this is no mocke,
" That ſtand where all hath beene :
" Onely my wife here by true graunt,
" She will confeſſe ſhe is ;
" And in that bold and noble vaunt,
" I feare I do amiſſe."
With this, the milde and modeſt Princeſſe
Humbly kneeled loe,
And in a ſilent yeelding dumneſſe,
Shew'd it to be ſo.
The King with ioy ſhed royall teares ;
" Alacke my childe (ſayes hee)
" Shall I be bane of thy young yeares?
" No, it ſhall neuer bee.
" And though we raſhly run at baſe,
" To catch what hand we can,
" Yet greater power doth guide the race
" Of Woman and of Man.
" His blood is pure, though ſtain'd by mee ;
" And ſlaunder now, that's dead,
" T'is pardon'd and reclaimd, you ſee ;
" That euill be on his head.
" Diſpatcht we haue Embaſſadours,
" This noble Duke to bring
" To ioyne his Father's voyce with ours,
" In mariage of this Ring :
" For that's the price of all my good ;
" And that's your glorie too,
" By vertue of which vnderſtood,
" All this is like to doo ;

" My

" My Sonne and Heire I thee create"
And all the Nobles by,
Cride out, Amen; it was too late
To aſke a reaſon why.
T'was knowne ſo openly to all,
Proclaimd quite through the Realme,
Thus as I ſlept, a voyce did call,
And wakt me from my Dreame:
Vpright I ſet me in my bed,
And being awake did know
All theſe were phanſies in my head,
And it was nothing ſo.

To conclude now.

Me thinkes ſome perfumde Polititian, that practiſeth more the Pennie than the Penne, raſhly reades, and rudely returnes, this fooles boult, *Tis ballade ſtuffe:* to him, I anſwere thus.

Cammelion-like thy minde miſgiues,
All coulour's like thy owne:
Thy greene gooſe wit no more atchiues,
Then what thy trade hath knowne,
Thou politicke preſaging Aſſe
Forbeare to kicke at kindneſſe:
With crooked limmes, and looke of braſſe,
And eyes bebleard with blindneſſe:
Trot on the hooſe, deuiſ'd in proſe,
While theſe as ſtanzes ſtayes

To out rime thy ill reaſon'd cloze
In thy corruptiue prayſe:
Conclude in charitie thou foole,
That think'ſt thy ſelfe moſt wiſe:
Thy wit, not worthie's any Schoole,
T'is ſalt and too preciſe.

Vituperato nequid laudando laude fruaris,
Sic tua laus fuerit, quod mihi laudis opus.

FINIS.

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